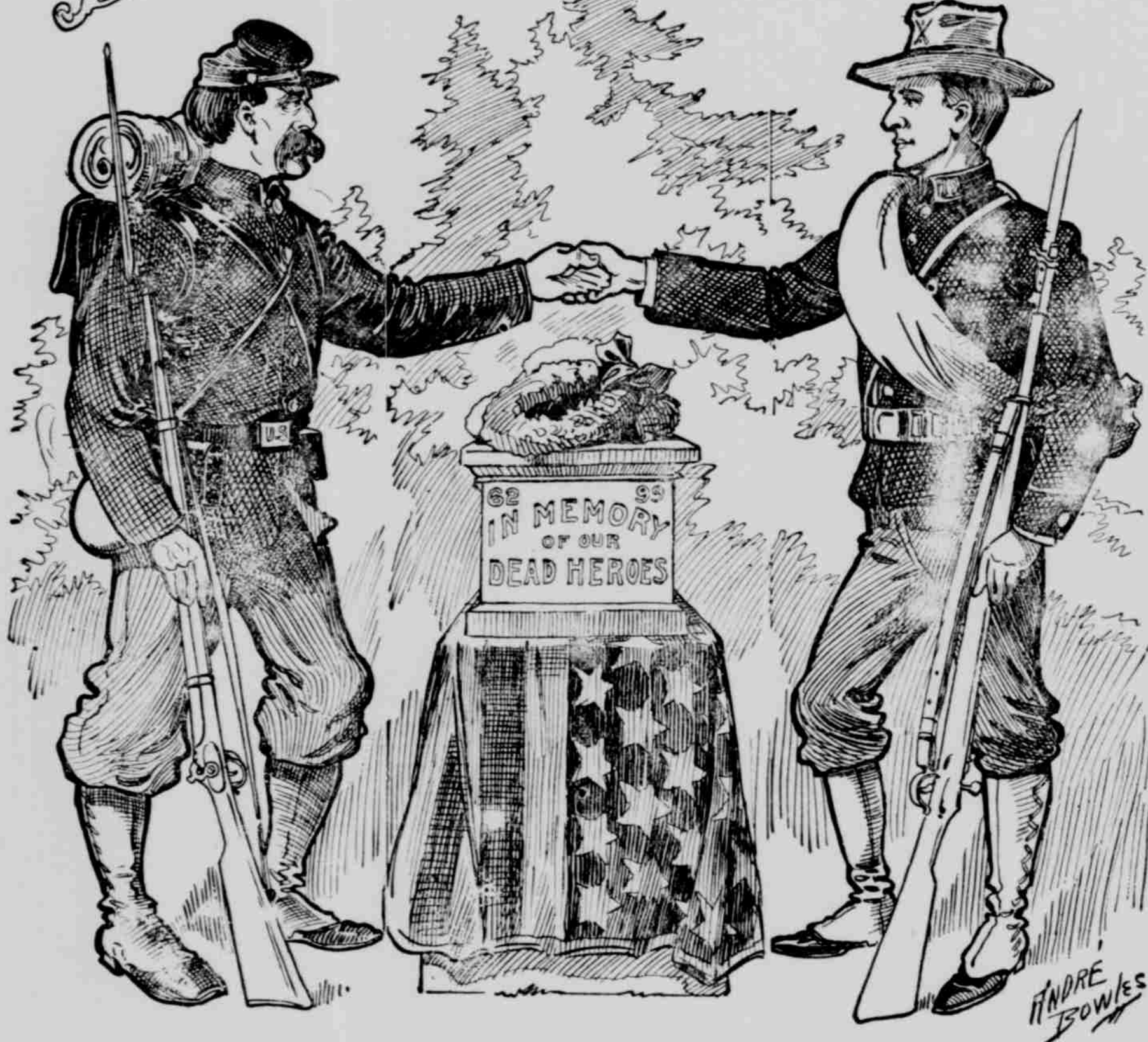


DECORATION DAY



A Memorial Day Reunion.

By GILBERTE HOLT.



BUSINESS had brought him to his native town in the sunny south. He was in haste that his mission should be concluded so that he might get away from the quiet, sleepy village. The very beauty of its fragrant spring dress saddened him.

In a timid, hesitating way he had made a few inquiries for old friends, but the answer was ever the same. War had scattered most of the old families. Those alone remained who slept in the peaceful cemetery in the dip which formed a vale at the bend in the river.

"And the Ralstons?" All were gone. Of the impetuous, high spirited family, only Miss Erma was still alive. The Ralston boys—four of them—lay in soldiers' graves beside their gallant father.

Mrs. Ralston had seen her brave boys brought home dead one by one. But she gave them for her country's sake, gladly, but her heart was slowly breaking. She did not long survive her husband.

"Did Miss Erma still live at Ironwood?"

No. The old plantation was desolate and Miss Ralston lived in a little white cottage down the road, the one almost smothered in jasmine red roses.

The gentleman took his cane and with a brisk step which told of some young blood still flowing in his veins, started down the street in the warm spring sunshine. The square shoulders, erect head and firm tread all bespoke the soldier.

As he came in sight of Miss Erma's house his steady walk became jerky and finally settled into an uncertain amble. For the fraction of a second he paused at her gate, then beat a hasty and confused retreat. Completely out of breath he drew up beside the high arched gate which opened upon the soldiers' last tenting ground.

"By Jove! It's no use. I couldn't



"WHY, THAT'S MY NAME." face her," and the old man mopped his brow. "Whew, how her eyes did blaze! Facing a cannon is play to standing the fire of Erma's angry eyes."

He leaned against the post. The light died out of his face and he thought of that long away time when he and Erma had been lovers. And then came the war. How quickly had followed that awful day when he went to say farewell and she would not look at him, because he wore the hated blue. He tried to argue, tried to persuade, but she would not listen.

She was a southern girl—Col. Ralston's daughter. If he fought the south, he fought her and was her deadly foe. Was it not cruel enough that

the dreadful war should deprive her of her lover, without calling him to fight against instead of for her?

How clearly he could see her as she stood then on the low, wide steps, a slim, girlish figure clad in clinging white. Her cheeks were flushed and her mouth tremulous, but the chin was firmly set. All through the war he had carried in his heart the memory of her as she stood in the sunshine, framed by the stately pillars of the gallery; while he, with despair in his heart, but a dogged determination in his eyes, turned, when half way down the broad avenue of live oaks, and lifting his union cap murmured, "God keep my southern sweetheart!"

How often he recalled her words. He could almost hear them now. "Go. You are a traitor. I never want to see your face again."

The old man shook his head sorrowfully. No, she would never forgive him, not even now after all these years. Well, he would go back north on the morrow, so what matter?

He and the Ralston boys had been college students together. He would pay a visit to their last resting place. He opened the gate and slowly made his way among the flower-covered mounds. When he reached the Ralston lot, he looked about him sorrowfully. He felt sadly desolate. He alone was left of all those merry, laughing fellows.

Presently his eye wandered to a grave somewhat apart from the rest. The scarcity of its flowers drew his attention to it. He wandered idly toward it, thinking, "Some poor friendless chap."

He started and then dropped upon his knees in his eagerness to read the simple inscription on the headstone. It ran:

"MERRILL FREMONT.
"Born 1838. Killed at Gettysburg.
1863."

"Why, that's my name!" and the old man looked about him in a dazed manner as though for a moment he doubted his identity.

"Yes, my name is Merrill Fremont and I was born in '38, but though I was wounded I did not die at Gettysburg. A union soldier in a confederate graveyard. Ah, that accounted for the lack of memorial flowers," and he smiled grimly. "But I'm not dead," and he thumped his cane vigorously upon the gravel path.

He leaned his hands on his stick and stood gazing intently at his own name.

"It isn't me—but it is some union soldier buried for me, and he shall have some flowers. Yes, I'll decorate my own grave," and with a chuckle Merrill Fremont started briskly down the path.

As he neared the gate it opened, and a tall, slender figure clad in black entered, followed by an old negro fairly staggering under the weight of magnolia blossoms. Something familiar in the two figures made Merrill pause. But they did not notice him. The lady turned up a side path and walked quickly toward the end of the ground. Merrill had just quitted, followed more slowly by the old serving man.

Merrill faced about and watched them. He was certain now that the woman was Erma. He expected her to enter the Ralston lot, but she only paused, waved her hand toward the flower-hidden graves, said something to her attendant and passed on her way until she stood beside the undecorated grave.

Fremont rubbed his eyes and stared. The lady motioned to negro to lay his fragrant burden down.

Merrill hastened up the path. He was near enough to hear the well-remembered voice say, "You may go, Uncle Sorey; I'll arrange the flowers myself."

The servant shuffled away down the path he had come, while his mistress knelt to place the blossoms.

Merrill Fremont paused, hat in hand. Erma believed him dead and forgave him. How would it be when she found him alive? He stood in dumb uncertainty. She was his only love and to lose her again would be more terrible than not to have found her. Dead, she surely loved him; her action proved it. Would he not better go away in the certainty of that love than, by staying, perhaps revive the old bitterness which his return to her unharmed while all her beloved family lay dead, might recall?

He was about to retreat. It was too late, the lady turned and saw him. He stood awkwardly before her. She looked at him in puzzled inquiry.

Suddenly he cried out "Erma." She moved back a pace in surprise at being so addressed by an apparent stranger.

Once his tongue loosened Merrill gave her no chance to escape. In quick, incoherent words he poured forth the



SUDDENLY HE CRIED OUT, "ERMA."

mistaken report of his death, his love, his sorrow for her grief, and at last an earnest plea that she would prove more kind than in the past.

As she listened a delicate flush crept into the lady's pale, sweet face. The shadow that rested in the deep, blue eyes lifted. She looked searchingly at the man before her. Could this really be her young lover, returned in the guise of this impetuous elderly man? She had never thought of him save as the soldier boy who had gone away at her bidding. At last she seemed to understand. For a moment the corners of the lovely mouth forgot to droop.

By the light of memory the man and woman grew young again.

When his torrent of words ceased she stood silent for some moments, and then held out her hand as she softly said:

"We banish our anger forever

When we laurel the graves of our dead."

How He Won Her.

"If I were a man," she said, "you would not find me here today. I'd be away, fighting for my country."

"If you were a man," he replied, "you wouldn't find me here today either. I, too, would be away fighting for my country."

After that all he had to do was to gain papa's consent.—Cleveland Leader.

Confused Pupils.

On one occasion the Prince of Wales had a hearty laugh at a Hindu school-boy in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your Royal Highness" should the prince speak to them, and when the heir apparent accosted a bright-eyed lad and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked: "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied: "It's a royal compass, your prismatic highness."

MEMORIAL EDITION

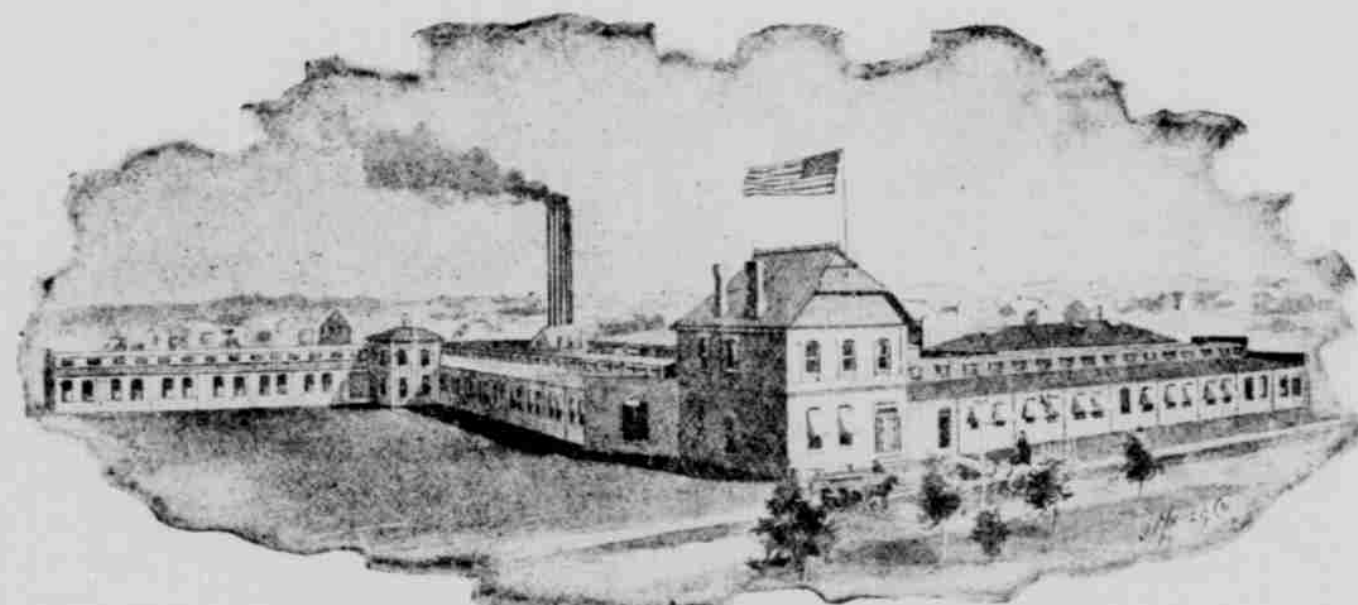
This special edition is intended to represent the live business interests of Marshall county as well as to commemorate the annual memorial day. The plan was conceived by the publisher of the Marshall County Independent, who succeeded in interesting the Bremen Enquirer, the Bourbon Mirror and the Culver City Herald in the project.

The idea was to print a special edition that would bring the business inducements of Marshall county mer-

its present magnificent proportions. Its chief business is the lighting of the streets in the city of Plymouth, but its efficient service extends to nearly every public building, church, factory and business house in the city, in addition to a great number of private residences. A large part of its business is supplying power to manufacturing institutions. The company has served the public faithfully and efficiently and to that fact may be attributed its rapid development and present prosperity. The officers keep abreast of all progressive movements in the electrical world, with the result that at the present time there remains scarcely a vestige of the original plant. The Wood system, uni-

Its reputation for promptness and efficiency is known wherever its lines extend, and its rapid growth evidences the esteem in which it is held by the general public. The exchange was opened for business on the 9th day of November, 1894, with 35 subscribers and has steadily developed until now its wires reach practically every business in the city, many residences and connects with the entire telephone service of the county. The company has attained its present great popularity by making all other considerations subservient to the public interests. No exchange in Indiana gives greater satisfaction to its patrons, or serves the public at more reasonable rates. At-

THE INDIANA NOVELTY MANUFACTURING CO.



THE Indiana Novelty Manufacturing company was organized July 10, 1891, by C. L. Morris, James A. Gilmore, H. G. Thayer, Geo. W. Marble and Geo. H. Thayer, Jr., for the manufacture of wooden novelties. In 1894 they began the manufacture of wood rims, mud and chain guards for bicycles, and since then this business has grown until the buildings now cover nearly three acres of ground. They are all of brick, one story high, except the office, which is two stories high. They are admirably arranged for doing the work carried on in them. There are two sidetracks, put in by the Pennsylvania Railroad company—one for receiving lumber and coal, and the other for shipping finished product. The material starts in at the north wing of the factory and steadily progresses through the various processes incident to manufacture with scarcely a retrograde movement until it is loaded into the cars from the platform of the shipping room. About two car loads

of rims are shipped daily during the busy season. The capacity of the factory is about 6,000 rims and 3,000 guards daily. These are shipped all over the world, wherever bicycles are used. Several orders have been recently received from Yokohama, which shows that Plymouth interests are sharing directly in the growing trade with the Orient. The registered trade mark of the company, which is a bicycle wheel with a rim crossing it and the word "Plymouth" standing out plainly, is stamped on all rims and guards. As "Plymouth" rims and guards are recognized by the bicycle trade as standard and are used by nearly all the leading bicycle manufacturers of the country in wheels made for their export and domestic trade, this industry has made the name of Plymouth well and favorably known wherever bicycles are used. A visit to the factory is full of interest and much of value may be learned by a few hours spent in studying the processes and the organization of this

industry which always elicits commendation from those competent to judge. Its great dry kilns hold 30,000 rims at one time.

This industry has been of great benefit to Plymouth as since its inception more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$450,000) have been paid for employment alone.

Employment is given for about eight months in the year to from 250 to 300 hands and during the other four months a smaller number are employed. The annual payroll for several years has been about \$80,000—one year amounting to over \$90,000.

This is the largest institution of its kind in the world.

The officers of the company are: Henry G. Thayer, president and treasurer; Geo. W. Marble, vice president and superintendent; Geo. H. Thayer, Jr., secretary and manager; William H. Young, assistant treasurer and assistant manager. They also constitute the Board of Directors and own all stock.

chants into the homes of practically every citizen of the county.

That the project is a success goes without question, as the extra twelve pages typifying the business interests of the county, are circulated this week simultaneously with the Marshall county Independent, the Bremen Enquirer, the Bourbon Mirror, and the Culver City Herald.

As the Argos Reflector failed to join in this stroke of enterprise, the Argos field will be covered by sample copies of the Marshall County Independent. Thus practically all of the inhabitants of the county have been reached. We have devoted very little space in the extra pages to reading matter, because we have desired that the advertising should be the leading feature. It certainly will pay the readers to scrutinize each and every advertisement—you will then know who it is that is inviting your trade and who will most thoroughly appreciate it. They can afford to give you bargains because of the fact that their enterprise has won them so many customers that they can well afford to deal on smaller margins than can those who get in a rut and stay there. The day has come when people value enterprise, and it is certain that their trade will go where enterprise is manifested. We commend these business concerns, here represented, to the public, with the assurance that their managers are live, hustling men, who will turn the business favors bestowed upon them, to the best welfare of society and the community in which they reside.

The M. W. Simons Electric Light and Power Plant.

The electric light plant was organized in 1887 by Mr. M. W. Simons, and at that time had a very limited capacity, but the untiring efforts of Mr. Simons and the officers and employees of the company have developed the plant to

versally acknowledged to be the best known, in use by this plant for both arc and incandescent lighting. The manager of the company is Mr. L. J. Southworth, who has filled that office since the plant was founded.

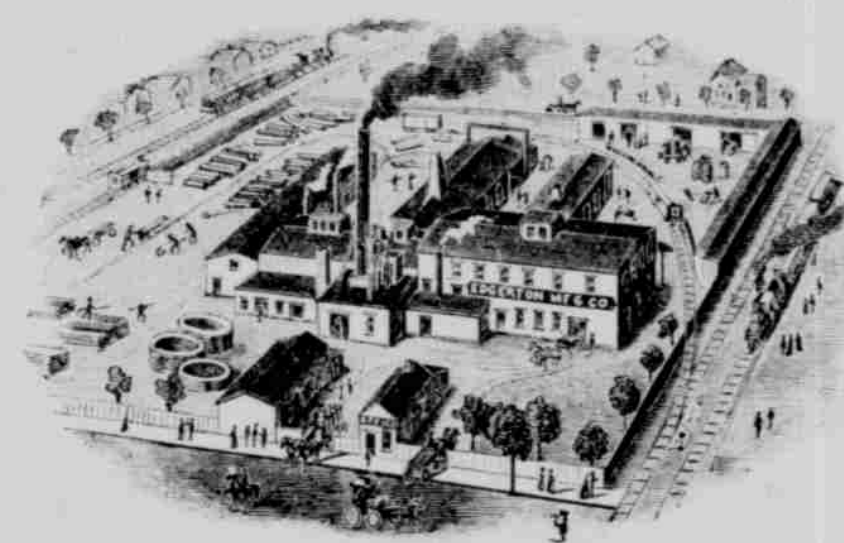
The Plymouth Telephone Company. Among the many institutions in Plymouth deserving special consideration, few compare with the Telephone company's plant in public usefulness.

tention is called to the company's advertisement in this issue.

The state labor commissioners have granted permission to the Singer sewing machine company at South Bend to pay wages semi-monthly. A petition asking for this permission was signed by eight hundred employees of the company.

It will pay anyone to read all the advertising in this issue.

EDGERTON MANUFACTURING CO.



THE Edgerton Manufacturing company, better known in Plymouth as the Basket factory, is one of the largest plants of the kind in existence. Its products go out to all sections of the country between New York on the east and the Missouri river on the west. While it manufactures everything known to the basket trade, its specialty is the celebrated Oak Stave and Double Splint baskets. Its output is second to none in this line. The competition is strong, but, despite this fact, the volume of the company's business has increased fifty per cent since it located in Plymouth in 1891. Prior to that date the company was located at Edgerton, Ohio.

It is a large employer of labor and thus indirectly circulates large sums of money in the community. The present outlook is brighter than at any previous time in the company's history.

Naturally the plant is a very large consumer of timber—the kinds used being beach, sycamore, soft maple, sugar, elm, hackberry, basswood, red oak, white oak, black ash and gum. The company furnishes an unlimited market for those woods at all seasons of the year, either as standing timber or in the log, and pays the highest prices in cash.

The present officers are: C. S. Cleveland, president and manager; J. M. Cleveland, vice-president; E. A. Farnham, treasurer, and A. M. Cleveland, secretary.

The M. W. Simons Electric Light and Power Plant, L. J. SOUTHWORTH, Mgr.

Arc Lighting and Incandescent Lighting for Factories, Stores, Offices and Residences. Power furnished for Electric Fans and Light Machinery. Patronage solicited. All kinds of ELECTRICAL WIRING promptly and reasonably done.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.